

## James Bird

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**AFS 1003 A1**

Sons of pleasure, listen to me, and ye daughters too, give ear, You a sad and mournful story as was ever told shall hear. Hull, you know, his troops surrendered and defenseless left the West, Then our forces quick assembled, this invader to resist.

Among the troops that marched to Erie were the Kingston volunteers, Captain Thomas, their commander to protect our West frontiers. Tender was the scene of parting, mothers wrung their hands and cried, Maidens wept their love in secret, fathers strove their tears to hide.

But there's one among that number, tall and grateful in his mien, Firm his steps, his looks undaunted, ne'er a nobler youth was seen. One sweet kiss he snatched from Mary, begged his mother's prayers once more, Pressed his father's hand and left them for Lake Erie's distant shore.

Mary strove to say, "Farewell James." waved her hand but nothing spoke, "Goodbye Bird, may heaven protect you," from the rest the parting broke. Soon they came where noble Perry had assembled all his fleet, There the gallant Bird enlisted, hoping soon the foe to meet.

Where is Bird? The battle rages, is he in the strife or no? Now the cannon roar tremendous, dare he meet the furious foe? Ah, behold him! See, with Perry in the selfsame ship he fights, Though his messmates fall around him, nothing can his soul affright.

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But, behold a ball has struck him; see the crimson current flow, "Leave the deck," exclaimed brave Perry, "No cried Bird, I will not go." "Here on deck I've took my station. Near will Bird his colors fly. I'll stand by the noble captain, till we conquer or we die."

So he fought both faint and bleeding, till our stars and stripes arose, Victory, having crowned his efforts, all triumphant o'er his foes. And did Bird receive a pension? Was he to his friends restored? No, nor even to his bosom clasped, the maiden whom he adored.

But there came most dismal tidings, from Lake Erie's distant shore; Better if poor Bird had perished 'mid a battle's awful roar. "Dearest parents," said the letter, "This will bring sad news to you. Do not mourn your first beloved, though this brings his last adieu."

"I must suffer for deserting from the brig Niagara, Read this letter, brother, sister, 'tis the last you'll hear from me." Sad and gloomy was the morning Bird was ordered out to die, Where a breast dares not to pity for him would not.

*[Note: recording abruptly ends.]*